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RAMBLES ABOUT LONDON.

STARVING CHILDREN—LONDON BRIDGES—MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION
—BONAPARTE'S CARRIAGE—WINDSOR CASTLE—THE QUEEN'S STABLES.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

I was constantly meeting in London evidences of the miserable condition of the poor. Though there is a law forbidding street begging, it cannot prevent the poor wretches from asking for bread. I was struck with the character of many of the beggars that accosted me, so unlike those I had been accustomed to meet. I had just come from Italy, where the whining tone, pitiful look, and drawing "*me miserabile!*" "*fame!*" "*per carita!*" and the ostentatious display of deformed limbs, had rendered me somewhat hardened to all such appeals. But here it was quite different. Men of stout frames, upright bearing, and manly voices, would tell me in a few plain words that they were out of work, and that their families were starving!

One pleasant afternoon, as I was strolling up Ludgate Hill, filled with the multitude, I saw a sight I shall never forget; it even arrested the Londoners, accustomed as they are to all kinds of misery, and a group was collected on the walk. Two children, a boy and a girl, the latter I should judge about eight and the former five or six years of age, sat on the flagging, pressed close against the wall, wholly unconscious of the passing multitude.

In their dress, appearance, and all, they seemed to have been just taken from some damp, dark cellar, where they had been for months deprived of light and almost of sustenance. Their clothes were in rags, black, damp, and ready to drop from their crouching bodies; their cheeks were perfectly colorless, as if bleached for a long time in the dews of a dungeon, and the little boy was evidently dying. How they came there, no one could tell; but there sat the sister struggling feebly to sustain her sinking brother. The poor little fellow sat with his head waving to and fro, and his eyes closed, while his sister, to whom some one had given a morsel of bread, was crowding the food into his mouth, conscious that famine was the cause of his illness. The spectators, moved by the touching spectacle, rained money into her lap; but she did not even deign to pick it up, or thank them, but, with her pale face bent in the deepest anxiety on her brother, kept forcing the bread into his mouth. The tears came unbidden to my eyes, and I also threw my mite of charity into her lap and hastened away. Oh! how strange it is that men will roll in wealth, and every day throw away what would make hundreds hap-

py, and yet feel no reproaches of conscience for their acts! We hear much now-a-days of the horrors of war; but there is no battlefield which exhibits such woe, and suffering, and mortality, as the streets, and lanes, and cellars of London. Even our preachers are on the wrong track in their efforts to ameliorate the condition of our race. It is not war, nor ambition, nor intemperance, nor any of the great vices so openly condemned, that lies at the bottom of human misery. It is *covetousness*—the thirst for gold, which fills the church too much, as it does the world—aye, so much that it cannot be touched by the hand of discipline—that makes our earth a place of tears. These very vices, against which such anathemas are hurled, grow out of this very covetousness, that is treated as an imperfection rather than a crime. The place that Christ gave it no one dare now give it, and man is left to mourn in poverty and want, and all the hateful passions of the wretched left to rise up in rebellion and scorn against the heartless religion, that condemns their vices and urges them to repentance, while it leaves them and their children to starve. “*The church*,” par excellence, of England may treble her prelates and her incomes, build countless cathedrals, and pray for the salvation of the world till doomsday; but so long as she robs the poor and neglects the physical condition of the suffering, she will pray to a deaf God. “To visit the widow and the fatherless in their distress” is one of the chief duties of religion, and yet the Church of England never does it: on the contrary, she sends the tithe collector in her place. But I have not yet given a general description of London. Well, this city of more than a million of inhabitants occupies about 1,400 square acres packed with houses. It is about eight miles long and between four and five broad; so that, you see, Harlem Island will have to be packed pretty close before New York equals London in its population. It is divided into West End, occupied by the noble and wealthy; the City Proper, embracing the central portion, which constituted old London; the East End, devoted to commerce and trade, and business of every kind, and hence filled with dust and filth; Southwark, made up in a great measure of manufactories and the houses of the operatives; and Westminster, containing the royal palace, parks, two Houses of Parliament, and the old Abbey. There are two hundred thousand houses in this mammoth city, eighty

squares, and ten thousand streets, lanes, rows, &c.

The bridges, to which I referred in my former article, constitute one of the chief beauties of London. There are six of them, and magnificent structures they are. A suspension bridge is also in contemplation; and then there is Thames’ Tunnel, the wonder of the world, of which I will say something more by and by. Of these six bridges, New London is by far the finest. Vauxhall, about seven hundred feet long, is made of cast iron, and composed of nine arches of seventy-eight feet span. Westminster is of stone, over a thousand feet long, and cost nearly \$2,000,000. Blackfriars is a thousand feet in length, and has nine arches. This is also of stone. Southwark is of cast iron, and though nearly seven hundred feet in length is composed of but three arches, the middle one being *two hundred and forty feet span*, the largest in the world. The effect of this central arch is beautiful, especially when a whole fleet of boats is beneath it and a whole crowd of people streaming across it. The New London, which has taken the place of the Old London Bridge, is indeed a noble structure. It is built of Scotch granite, and goes stepping across the Thames in five beautiful arches, completing this wonderful group of bridges, the like of which no city in the world can furnish. It cost seven and a half millions of dollars, while the six together were built at the enormous expense of over fourteen and a half millions. Across them is a constant stream of people, and a hundred and fifty thousand are supposed to pass New London alone daily. One is amazed the moment he begins to compute the enormous wealth laid out on public works in this great city. The finest buildings it contains are St. Paul’s Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and Buckingham Palace. There are other magnificent buildings, but these are the most prominent. St. Paul’s is a noble structure, and as you stand under the magnificent dome, it seems higher than that of St. Peter’s, in Rome. The grand scale on which everything in the latter is built, deceives the eye when attempting to measure any one object in particular. But the dome of St. Paul’s is so much larger in proportion to other parts of the building, that you look at it almost as if it stood by itself. Around the walls are monuments to the dead warriors, statesmen, &c., some of them being fine specimens of sculpture.

One of the most peculiar things that strikes the eye of the beholder when looking on Buckingham Palace, is a huge bronze lion standing on the top, with head and tail erect. The rampant attitude, as it is presented in such strong relief against the sky, has a singular effect. It is quite characteristic, however, of the nation it represents, for rampant enough it has been, as the history of the world will testify. France, Spain, the East, America, and the islands of the sea can all bear testimony to the appropriateness of the symbol. This Anglo-Saxon race is strangely aggressive; no people, except the ancient Romans, ever equalled them. Without being cruel, their thirst for conquest and desire of territory are insatiable. This evil trait has not disappeared in the children, but exhibits itself just as strongly on our side of the water, and under a republican form of government.

One of the curiosities of London was Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax figures. She has nearly all the distinguished characters of the present age, as large as life, and executed with remarkable fidelity. Robbers, murderers, &c., figure in this strange collection. As I was strolling around, I came upon Cobbett, in his plain, Quaker-like garb, without noticing him. As I cast my eye down, I saw a man with a grey coat and a white hat sitting with a snuff-box in his hand, his head gently nodding, as if in approval of something he saw; and it never occurred to me he was not a live man, and I passed him a step without suspecting I was giving a wax figure such a wide berth. Among other things was a corpse of some woman, I forget who, the most human looking thing I ever saw not made of flesh and blood. In an adjoining apartment were several relics of Bonaparte, among others two of his teeth and his travelling carriage. This carriage Napoleon had made on purpose for himself and Berthier, and was used by him during all his latter campaigns. It was divided into two compartments, one for himself and one for his chief of the staff. Napoleon had it so arranged that he could lie down and sleep when weary, or when travelling all night, with a little secretary, which he could, by a touch, spread open before him, and several drawers for his despatches and papers of all kinds. He had also made arrangements for a travelling library, which he designed to fill with small editions of the most select books in the world. I

could not but think, as I sat in it, what vast plans had been formed in its narrow apartments—plans changing the fate of the world, and what mental agitation and suffering it had also witnessed. As it was whirled onward along the road, the restless spirit within disposed of crowns and thrones, changed dynasties, and made the earth tremble. From thence issued decrees that sent half a million of men into the field of battle, and from thence, too, terms have been dictated to humbled kings. Another of the exhibitions in this same building was "*artificial ice*," a curious thing, by the way, to manufacture.

Windsor Castle is some twelve or fifteen miles from London, and of course is visited by every traveller. It was a pleasant morning—that is, as pleasant as it ever is in London—when I jumped into the cars of the great western railway, and shot off towards Windsor. I roamed over this magnificent castle with feelings very different from those I had experienced as I mused amid the ruins of feudal times on the continent. Here was an old castle, yet perfect in all its parts, enjoying a fresh old age, and blending the present with the past just enough to mellow the one and give life to the other. William the Conqueror laid the foundation of this structure when he built a fortress here, and the kings of England have from time to time enlarged and repaired it, till it now stands one of the finest castles in the world. The Queen being at Buckingham Palace, visitors were allowed to pass through it without trouble. I am not going to describe it; but there it stands on that eminence, with its grey turrets, and round towers and walls, and stern aspect, as haughty and imposing an object as you could wish to look upon. There are no jousts and tournaments to-day in its courts—no floating banners that tell of knights gathered for battle; but the sentinel is quietly pacing up and down, and here and there a soldier informs you that you are in the precincts of royalty. I will not speak of the ante-room, vestibule, throne-room, with their paintings both in fresco and on canvass; nor of the Waterloo chamber, where William IV. gave dinners in honor of the battle of Waterloo; nor of St. George's Hall, two hundred feet long; nor of the Queen's presence and audience chamber; nor of the choice paintings that cover the walls of these apartments. One must see them to appreciate their effect on the mind. But you may, if strong of limb, wind up and up the

stone staircase of the Round Tower, and look off on the extended landscape. The mist is not thick to-day, and the parks and trees, nay, forests, below, shaven lawns, pools and lakes, are scattered about in endless variety. Twelve shires are visible from the summit of this tower, and the limitless landscape melts away in the distance, for there are no mountains to bound the vision. Windsor town is below, and a little farther away the white walls of Eton College rise amid the green foliage.

Descending from the tower, I left the Castle and entered St. George's Chapel. The architecture of this building is fine. The roof is richly carved, and the western window is a magnificent specimen of stained glass. But one of the most singular things to an American eye is the stalls of the knights of the garter, on each side of the choir. As all the knights of this order have been installed here, each one of course has his stall appropriated to him, and there, beneath a carved canopy, hangs his sword, mantle, crest, helmet, and mouldering banner. I looked upon these silent symbols, covered with dust, with strange and blended feelings. Noble names are in that list of knights; but where is the strong arm and stalwart frame? Gone, leaving but these perishing symbols behind. Their effect on the mind is like that of an elegy on the dead—a world of mournful associations cluster around them, and their motionless aspect and unbroken silence are more eloquent than words. There is a beautiful cenotaph here of the Princess Charlotte, erected by Wyatt. The body of the Princess is lying on a bier, covered with the habiliments of death, while the face, too, is shrouded in drapery. Around her, with faces also veiled, kneel the mourners, while the soul of the Princess, in the form of an angelic being, is soaring exultingly homewards. As a group of statuary, it has great merits as well as some great defects.

I turned from old Windsor Castle and its feudal associations, from St. George's Chapel and its solemn and sombre choir, to the Queen's stables. A special permit is required to get access to these; but as I had seen how Victoria and her nobles lived, I was curious to see also how her horses fared. I do not know how many there were in the stables, but I should think thirty or forty. Here were beautiful carriage horses, saddle horses, and ponies, lodged in apartments that tens of thousands of her subjects would thank God if they could occupy. Thus goes the world. Parliament could reject a bill which appropriated a small sum of money to the purposes of education, and yet vote thirty thousand dollars to replenish and repair the Queen's stables. Here, too, are carriages of every variety, from the delicate, fairy-like thing which is drawn by ponies, to the heavy travelling carriage; and bridles and saddles of the choicest kind. I could not but think, as I looked on these fine apartments for the horses, and the useless expenditure in carriages, &c., of the starving population of London and the thousands of poor children in the factories. What kind of government is that which will tax the wretched human being, nay, deprive him of education, to lavish the money on horses and stables? The English government is well fitted for national strength and greatness, but most miserably arranged to secure competence to the lower classes. However, she is slowly changing before that mighty movement that no power can resist—the onward progress of the principle of freedom. One of these days, these now apparently sluggish and wretched masses will rise in their strength and terror, and by one terrible blow settle the long arrears of guilt with the luxurious, profligate nobility of England, and begin to reap the fields they have so long sown. Woe to her when that day shall come!

PRESIDENT DWIGHT.

It is not always the most honored and useful life that supplies the greatest amount of interesting material to the biographer; it depends more on the particular field in which an individual moves, and the direction which his efforts may happen to take, than upon the amount of talent which he possesses, or even the amount of good which he accomplishes, whether his history is to abound in interesting details which are specially fitted to fix the attention and move the feelings. Hence it comes to pass that the warrior, who happens to have conducted successfully some great military enterprise, or the statesman, who has compassed some political object of general interest, forms the subject of a biography which, for a time, well nigh absorbs the public attention; while the record of the unobtrusive and, to a great extent, unvaried labors of a minister of the gospel, or of a president of a college, is virtually condemned by multitudes as a dry and tedious production. We have no fear that any person of intelligence will ever pass such a judgment as this upon the life of the illustrious man who is to be the subject of this article, unless the subject should happen to fall into the most unworthy hands; and yet we freely acknowledge that the biography of Dr. Dwight, whether in a more or less extended form, will present the strongest attraction, not to that class who estimate a work by the amount of thrilling incident which it records, but to those who love to hold communion with virtue and greatness in their less dazzling and imposing aspects, and in an unostentatious devotion to the best interests of man. It is of course only a brief outline of his life and character that our limits will permit us to give; but brief as it may be, we are willing to hope that it may serve to revive the grateful recollections of some who have known him, and to give to those who have not, some idea of a man who, taken all in all, was certainly one of the master spirits of the age.

Timothy Dwight was the son of Timothy and Mary Dwight, and was born at Northampton, Mass., May 14, 1752. His father was a man of great intelligence and respectability, and his mother, who was the daughter of the great Jonathan Edwards, was one of

the burning and shining lights of her sex. His education in its earliest stages was conducted entirely by his mother; and his improvement indicates at once the extraordinary powers both of the teacher and the pupil. At the age of about twelve he was sent to Middletown to prosecute his studies preparatory to joining college, under the Rev. Enoch Huntington; and during his sojourn there, which was somewhat more than a year, while he greatly endeared himself, by his amiable deportment, to all with whom he mingled, his progress in his studies was such as to give promise of the highest degree of literary eminence.

He entered Yale College as a freshman, in September, 1765, at a time when there was a combination of circumstances that seemed unpropitious as well to the intellectual as the moral habits of the students; and young Dwight, notwithstanding the favorable tendencies which he had hitherto developed, began insensibly to yield to the temptation to idleness; and if it had not been for the prompt and generous interposition of one of his tutors, who saw his danger, he might not improbably have been ruined. Happily the effort that was made to save him, availed; and to his dying day he never ceased to regard the individual to whom he was thus indebted as one of his greatest earthly benefactors.

From the period just referred to, he seems to have gone forward in his college course with the most diligent application and the most brilliant success; and so intensely was he occupied in study at one period, that he materially injured his sight, and laid the foundation for that permanent weakness of the eyes which proved a source of great suffering as well as embarrassment to the close of his life. He was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1769, at a little past the age of seventeen, with a standing not inferior to that of any other individual in his class.

Shortly after he was graduated, he took charge of a Grammar-school in New Haven, in which he continued with great success for two years, at the same time diligently prosecuting his studies in the various branches of literature and science. At the end of this period he was chosen a tutor in Yale College,

and for the six succeeding years occupied this station with the highest reputation and usefulness. During this period of his connection with the government of the college, he projected and carried out some important plans of reform, which marked an era in the history of the institution.

Mr. Dwight made a public profession of religion, and became connected with the college church in 1774. Of the particular character of his religious exercises which had preceded this important step, we are not aware that any record remains; but his whole subsequent life proved that he acted from a high conviction of duty, and that religion, as a vital practical principle, had been established in his heart. In March, 1777, he was married to Miss Mary Woolsey, daughter of Benjamin Woolsey, Esq., of Long Island. This connexion proved a source of the highest domestic enjoyment and usefulness. Mrs. Dwight has survived until within a few months, the model of all that is lovely, and sublime, and venerable in Christian old age. They had eight sons, several of whom are well known in the walks of public usefulness and honor.

As the revolutionary contest was now going forward, and as Mr. Dwight's sympathies were strongly in favor of the party who were fighting for the liberties of their country, he determined to cast in his lot with them; and accordingly, having been licensed as a preacher by a committee of the Northern Association of Hampshire county, Mass., he entered the army in September following as chaplain to General Parsons' brigade. In this character he rendered most important services to his country; and by his efforts, not only on the Sabbath, but during the week, he contributed not a little to give a right direction to the minds of many of the soldiers, and to keep up their confidence and their courage by making them feel more deeply the rectitude of their cause, and their dependence for success upon the God of armies. During this period he formed an acquaintance with many distinguished men of the army, first and foremost of whom was the great Washington, who formed a very high estimate not only of his professional services, but of his general character.

After he had been connected with the army a little more than a year, he was withdrawn from it by the necessity which devolved upon him, in consequence of the unexpected death of his father, of making provision for his

widowed mother with her numerous family of children. He seemed to regard this as so unquestionably a call of duty, that, without the least hesitation, he resigned his chaplaincy, and returned to Northampton, the residence of his mother, and passed the succeeding five years in the most diligent efforts for the comfort of herself and her family. It was wonderful how much, during this period, he contrived to accomplish. He established a school which soon acquired great popularity, and was resorted to by so large a number of the youths of both sexes, that he was under the necessity of employing two assistants. He was also occupied extensively during the week in agricultural concerns, and on the Sabbath was accustomed to supply some vacant congregation in the neighborhood.

During his residence at Northampton, he was twice chosen to represent the town in the general court; and so much of activity and public spirit and eloquence did he discover in this capacity, that some leading men in the commonwealth endeavored to convince him that that was the sphere of action for which Providence had specially designed him, and that the interests of his country required that he should have a direct hand in managing her political concerns. His mind, however, was definitively made up in favor of the ministry as his profession; and he was deaf to all the arguments that could be urged in opposition to it. His great popularity as a preacher procured for him calls from two or three of the most respectable churches in Massachusetts; but for reasons of which we are not informed, he declined them, and subsequently accepted a call from the parish of Greenfield, Conn., where he was ordained on the 5th of November, 1783.

In consequence of the inadequacy of his salary to the support of his family, after he had been a short time at Greenfield, he opened a school for youths of both sexes, to which he gave six hours of each day; and this school soon gained a reputation that brought to it the patronage of the best families from various parts of the country. Greenfield now became signalized, not less for its literary attractions than its religious advantages; and multitudes of the greatest and the best resorted thither with an expectation which, it is believed, was rarely disappointed, of being both delighted and improved.

In 1794, he received an invitation to become the pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, in

Albany, which, without much hesitation, he declined. The next year (1795), the presidency of Yale College having become vacant by the death of Dr. Stiles, he was, with great unanimity, appointed to that place; and he was actually inaugurated as president in September of that year. His removal was a source of affliction to his parish; but so unanimous was public sentiment in favor of the appointment, and so remarkably was he qualified for such a station, that his charge, between whom and himself there had always existed the most perfect harmony, yielded, though not without great reluctance, to the paramount claims of the college to his services.

Doctor Dwight (for previous to this time he had received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the college of New Jersey), in entering upon the duties of the Presidency, voluntarily assumed an amount of labor which few constitutions, either intellectual or physical, would have been able to sustain. Beside the general superintendence of the college, including all the duties which belong appropriately to the presidential chair, he conducted nearly all the recitations of the senior class on a greatly enlarged plan, acting as professor of belles lettres and oratory, of intellectual and moral philosophy, and of theology. His mode of conducting recitations was a great improvement upon any previous system that had prevailed in the college; for though he made use of text books, they scarcely served any other purpose in the recitation than to give a general direction to his own thoughts; and not unfrequently he occupied the greater part of the time in exposing the absurdity of the author's views, or the fallacy of his reasonings. One of the most important exercises of the senior class was a forensic debate, which took place in his presence between two members of the class once each week; and after each disputant had closed his argument, the President took a rapid review of the whole debate, and then expressed his own opinion, with a synopsis of the arguments by which it was sustained. These "decisions," as they were called, were always looked for with great interest, and some of them were well nigh unparalleled for strength of reasoning, and beauty and power of illustration.

Dr. Dwight introduced important changes not only in the mode of instruction, but in the mode of discipline also. The offensive distinction that had existed between the higher

and lower classes, the latter being looked upon as little better than "hewers of wood and drawers of water," together with the scarcely less odious practice of inflicting fines for a violation of the college laws, were abolished; and the students were taught to regard their instructors as friends, and the discipline of the college became, to a great extent, a system of parental influence. It is a fact that deserves to be recorded, that during the whole period of Dr. Dwight's administration there was never any extensive organized effort to resist the college authority. Such outbreaks, we are aware, are not unfrequent even under the wisest administration; and where they occur they by no means necessarily reflect upon the prudence, or mildness, or firmness of those who conduct the institution; but the fact that nothing of this kind should happen in a long series of years, is certainly proof enough that the affairs of the college were guided by no ordinary degree of discretion.

During nearly the whole period of his presidency, Dr. Dwight was blessed with fine health, which was no doubt the effect, in a great degree, of the regularity of his habits of diet, rest, and exercise. He continued to discharge his various and arduous duties without interruption till February, 1816, when he was severely attacked by the disease of which he finally died. After having suffered intensely for twelve weeks, his disease seemed slightly to yield, and strong hopes were entertained by his friends that he might regain his accustomed health. At the commencement of the succeeding term, in June, he was able to appear in the pulpit, and addressed his pupils in a pertinent and admirable discourse, suggested by his recent approach to the gate of death. In the course of the same month, the General Association of Connecticut met at New Haven, and he was able to be present and participated in most of their deliberations. The part which he took on that occasion in the administration of the Lord's Supper, will probably never be forgotten by any one who was present to witness it; the paleness of his countenance and the feebleness of his frame manifestly pointing towards the grave on the one hand, and the tenderness and fervor of his spirit as manifestly pointing towards heaven on the other, gave to the scene a most wonderful impressiveness; and it was not easy to resist the conviction that he was drawing near to the end of his course. After this he continued to preach in the chapel, and to attend to most of

his accustomed duties in connection with the college during the summer, and presided as usual at the commencement in September. During the vacation his health seemed in some degree to amend, and he began the next term with rather better prospects than he had had for some time before. But it soon became apparent that his disease had lost nothing of its power, and that his life would in all probability be continued only as a course of suffering. He, however, attended his usual recitations until the 27th of November, and even after that he met a theological class, consisting chiefly of resident graduates, once a week at his own house, and sometimes in the midst of great suffering discoursed to them for an hour with almost unparalleled eloquence. On the 7th of January his symptoms were thought to be more favorable, and some hopes were entertained that his disease might have passed its crisis; but those hopes were quickly extinguished by a change that seemed decisive of approaching dissolution. He lingered till Saturday morning, the 11th, evincing during the whole time the most dignified composure and tranquillity of mind, and the strongest confidence in the merits of the Redeemer, when, without a struggle or a groan, he put off the earthly house of this tabernacle.

It may be said without the fear of contradiction, that Dr. Dwight was endowed with an intellect of the highest order. His judgment was uncommonly sound, his taste delicate, his imagination brilliant and excursive, and his reasoning faculty, for quickness and strength, rarely exceeded. It would doubtless be saying too much to say that his powers of analysis and abstraction were equal to those of the great Edwards, his maternal grandfather; but his powers of imagination and eloquence were greatly superior; and if the mind of the one was stronger, the mind of the other was certainly not less symmetrical and complete. It is difficult perhaps to find an author in the language who unites in a higher degree than Dr. Dwight strong logic, deep metaphysics, and glowing eloquence.

His manners were a beautiful compound of sweetness, dignity, and simplicity. His powers of conversation were almost unequalled; and though he talked a great deal, and almost always led the conversation in whatever circle he might happen to be, there was nothing about his manner that seemed obtrusive; and it was an uncommon thing that any individual who fell in with him did not con-

sider it a privilege to hear rather than to talk. Such was the extent and variety of his information, that there was rarely a subject introduced but he was able, by some striking illustration or appropriate anecdote, to cast new light upon it. We remember to have heard of his having once been casually thrown into a company of farmers, who were perfectly amazed to find that the President of Yale College knew far more about their appropriate business than they did themselves.

Dr. Dwight's Christian character was eminently consistent and elevated. He was as far as possible removed from every species of ultraism in doctrine, feeling, or practice. At the same time his soul was deeply imbued with love to Christ, and his devotions were of the most simple, earnest, and confiding character. No one could be more deeply interested than he in watching the indications of Divine Providence in respect to the advancing prosperity and ultimate triumph of the church, and no one more prompt than he in projecting and sustaining those great enterprises which contemplate the moral renovation of the world. He was one of those who originally formed the American Board of Foreign Missions, and not only by his eloquence, but by his pecuniary contributions, he continued always to render it an efficient aid. He had an important agency also in originating the American Bible Society, which he regarded as one of the brightest glories of the age; and though he was prevented by ill health from being present at its formation, he aided the enterprise by his eloquent pen, and welcomed it as a blessed indication of the approach of millennial glory. His views of religion were eminently rational, as well as eminently practical. He regarded it as beginning with the understanding, as extending to the will and affections, and thus controlling the life. He had no idea of heat without light, or light without heat—of faith without works, or works without faith; but both were commingled in his experience in just and beautiful proportions.

As a preacher, President Dwight has had few equals either in this country or any other. His manner was deeply solemn and earnest, but yet uncommonly simple. In the early part of his ministry he preached almost entirely from a brief skeleton; but during the greater part of his presidency his sermons were entirely written out and read. We have rarely witnessed a higher effort of pulpit eloquence than we have known him to produce

by simply reading a discourse, without a single gesture from the beginning to the end of it. His fine, commanding person, his bright, penetrating eye, his powerful, melodious voice, and his perfectly dignified attitude, gave him an advantage in public speaking which very few, either in or out of the pulpit, have ever possessed.

There was perhaps nothing for which Dr. Dwight was more remarkable than his occasional prayers. His devotional exercises in the chapel were for the most part marked by little variety; but when he was called to officiate on any special occasion, his mind seemed intuitively to comprehend all the peculiar circumstances of the case, and they were embodied in his petitions with an ease and appropriateness the most impressive and admirable. We can recollect two or three of his occasional prayers, which for pathos, fervor, sublimity, and, we may add in the best sense of the word, originality, we do not remember ever to have heard exceeded.

Notwithstanding Dr. Dwight's influence as a preacher and an instructor of youth was very great while he lived, and is still felt in almost every department of society, yet it is, after all, chiefly as an author that he is to be known to posterity; and happily, notwithstanding during a great part of his life he was unable, on account of the great imperfection of his sight, to write except by an amanuensis, he is still one of the most voluminous authors which this country has produced. His works may be divided into poetical, historical, and theological.

His poetical works were chiefly his "Conquest of Canaan," and his "Greenfield Hill." The former was commenced when he was at the age of nineteen, and finished when he was twenty-two. It was re-printed in England, and it is much to say of it, that it was read and spoken of in terms of strong commendation by the poet Cowper. The latter poem, which was the production of a later period, received its name from the place of his residence, and breathes a spirit of the most lofty patriotism. Some of his smaller pieces, particularly his "Columbia," have been extensively circulated and admired. He is the author also of a number of hymns, which breathe the genuine spirit both of devotion and of poetry.

Dr. Dwight's historical works are included chiefly in his "Travels through New England and New York," published in four volumes.

They contain the result of the most minute and faithful inquiry upon every matter that came under his observation. No other work embodies an equal amount of information of a similar kind, in respect to any portion of our country.

But it is chiefly as a theologian and a writer of sermons that Dr. Dwight is destined to an earthly immortality. His system of theology has gained a circulation on both sides of the water which, we believe, is entirely unprecedented; it is the monument of a gigantic mind, consecrated in all its energies to the benefit of his fellow creatures and the glory of God. Besides his "System," which is now published in four large octavo volumes, there have been published since his death two volumes of his miscellaneous sermons, all of which are excellent, and some of them of the highest order of excellence. But some of his very best efforts are to be found in his occasional discourses, which he published during his life, and which exist only in the form of separate pamphlets. If his sermons on infidel philosophy and his fast-day sermons during the last war, not to mention several others, are exceeded in all that constitutes genuine greatness by any occasional sermons which our country has produced, we know not where to look for them. By the by, it would be a good service rendered to the cause of evangelical truth and piety, as well as pulpit eloquence, to collect Dr. Dwight's occasional sermons and give them to the world in a volume.

We subjoin a brief letter addressed by President Dwight to a friend at Utica, in reply to one informing him of the death of his intimate and endeared friend, the Rev. Dr. Backus. The letter is the more interesting from the fact that it was probably one of the last letters, if not the very last, that he ever dictated, and bears date but five days previous to his death.

NEW HAVEN, JAN. 6, 1817.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to thank you sincerely for your early communication to me of the melancholy tidings contained in your letter. The death of such a man as Dr. Backus at any period, and in almost any circumstances in which man can be supposed to be useful, must of course be a serious loss to the world. But when we consider him as a husband, the father of a family, a minister of the Gospel, and the President of a college, it becomes difficult to estimate the extent of the loss. In the country which was the immediate scene of his labors, it must, one would

naturally think, be peculiarly felt; but in *this state*, where he was born and educated, and where he spent most of his life, it will be deeply realized. I pray that it may be made a blessing to his afflicted family, to ourselves and ours, and that the vacancy in your seminary may, by a

good Providence, be speedily filled up with a man possessed of similar powers and of the same excellent character.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully,
Your obed't friend and servant,
T. DWIGHT.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

THE bells! oh, list to the cheerful sound
The Sabbath bells send forth,
When calling to the employ of Heaven
The ransom'd of the earth.

From craggy cliffs and woody glens,
Sweet echoes seize the sound,
And to the mountains and the floods
Tell it in triumph round.

The glad birds hear the joyous peal
Upon the breeze that floats,
And to its mingled melody
Add their exulting notes.

Freed from the tyranny of man,
The browsing cattle stray,
Enjoying on the sunny hills
The peaceful Sabbath day.

And can immortal man, for whom
God hath done wondrous things,
Thankless, with unbow'd knee, remain,
While all creation sings!

We live upon God's earth—his air
Inspires our heaving lungs;
We hang upon his hand—his praise
Should dwell upon our tongues.

This were enough for thankfulness,
Had we no other theme,
To Him whose mercy round us flows
In an exhaustless stream.

But Sabbath bells come to our ears,
With glorious tidings fraught
Of man's redemption, which the "Lord,
Our Righteousness," hath wrought.

Oh! be our noblest powers attun'd
To songs of thankfulness;
The angel hosts have no such cause
For gratitude as this!

Forsoke we then the worldly paths
Where through the week we plod,
To hold, in humble praise and prayer,
Communion with our God!

Up to the temples of his grace;
He will vouchsafe us there
A foretaste of Heaven's blessedness!
Up, to the house of prayer!

Newport, R. I.

The irksome toils, the wasting cares
Of the long week are pass'd,
And the blessed Sabbath of our God
Shines on the earth at last!

And is it not a pleasant sound
That fills the tranquil air,
When all the solemn Sabbath bells
Mingle in chorus there!

Tired Labor wipes his weary brow,
Rejoic'd to hear the chime;
He hath no heavy toils to-day,
For this is holy time!

With hope reviv'd and holy trust,
E'en Sorrow's tearful eye
Once more is lifted from the dust
Up to the glorious sky.

The Sabbath bells bear to the ear
Sweet tidings from above,
Where Death hath no more power to rend
The sacred hands of love!

Pale Sickness lifts her languid head,
And smiles to hear the tone
Which brings to mind a happier world,
Where suffering is unknown!

E'en the doom'd felon, whom from chains
Death only can release,
Like pardoning Mercy's voice it calls
To penitence and peace.

Sweetly it breaks the silence drear
Where the child of penury dwells,
And Misery's aching heart is glad
To hear the Sabbath bells!

For they proclaim a ransom fund—
A refuge for the oppress'd;
They tell us of a region where
The weary are at rest!

And is it not a pleasant sound
The Sabbath bells send forth,
When calling to the employ of Heaven
The ransom'd of the earth!

"Glad tidings of great joy" they tell
In sweetly solemn tone—
Joy to the dwellers of the land,
Where their bless'd sound is known!

S. S. C.

MEMOIRS OF MY GRANDMOTHER.

A FEW months since, the attention of our readers was invited to the mode of "Saying the Catechism," which obtained, some forty years ago, in one of the towns in the western part of Massachusetts. In the present article, it is proposed to gather up certain reminiscences of departed worth, which are associated with the indelible impressions of my childhood and youth. HOME,—the home of my earlier years—was cradled among the mountains, which overlooked the bright and beautiful Connecticut, and was rocked by the tempests, which swept through the valleys and over the Alpine heights, that watched, like never-relieved sentinels, around the ancient, paternal domicile. "The summer's ardent strength" was mitigated by the cooling breezes, and tempered by the fresh supplies of oxygen, which were manufactured in the laboratories of the skies, as frequent lightnings and thunderings shook the everlasting hills, by their sublime demonstrations. The rigors of winter were relieved by the pastime of breaking out the roads, through snows piled up some ten or fifteen feet in height by the winds, which seemed to have chosen that spot for their most especial and fantastic revelries. Extensive plains and meadows, sloping away to the margin of New England's most beautiful river, and towering summits, like "Alps o'er Alps," sending up their lofty peaks into the heavens, and clothed with the ever-changing hues of mountain scenery, completed the splendid panorama, with which my youthful imagination was familiar.

But it is none of these scenic accessories,—none of the sublime or the beautiful in nature,—which now invests that spot with its most sacred and endeared associations. *Grandfather, grandmother, father, mother, brothers, sisters*,—gone to their long resting-place,—these are the objects which now speak to my heart, and remind me of that dearest, sweetest spot, which we call HOME.

The neighborhood was eminently moral and religious. My grandfather was suddenly called into eternity by a stroke of the apoplexy, and that thunderbolt, which so unexpectedly smote the family, is one of my very earliest recollections. A small circle of godly persons,—relics of the preceding generation,—

yet lingered upon the stage, as the season of my childhood advanced. Of this little band of Simeons and Annas, who were "waiting for the consolation of Israel" before their departure, in my partial estimate, *prima inter pares*, was my aged grandmother. To her, the fullness of my heart says that I owe more than can be described by pen or tongue. The moral and religious impressions which she made on my youthful and then susceptible heart, I suppose no lapse of time or eternity can efface. Her simple, unfeigned piety was equalled only by her peculiar ingenuity in devising means and in seizing occasions to impress my mind with divine things.

One or two incidents will illustrate this point. Nearly as far back in the days of my childhood as my "memory runneth," she took this method to fix on my heart the impression of *God's omnipresence*. After conversing with me for some time about the great God who fills heaven and earth, she closed her description of his ubiquity by saying, "My dear grandson, whenever you see *any motion*, you may always be certain *God is there*." At that instant, happening to see one of my fingers move, the thought went like a javelin to my heart, that *God was with me THEN*. I retired from her presence with many fears and tremblings, thrilled with the conviction of Jacob at Bethel, "Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not."

In those days of primitive simplicity, coaches and cars were not in fashion, and women as well as men were accustomed to ride much on horseback. My venerable grandmother, though tottering under the infirmities of age, sometimes went to the neighbors, and even to her friends in the more distant parts of the town, by that healthy mode of conveyance. On one of these occasions, though yet quite small, I rode behind her on the horse. Being unused to that mode of travelling, it was with extreme difficulty that I could keep my position, even with all the assistance she could render me. Once, by a sudden movement of the horse, I almost lost my centre of gravity, and came near toppling down headlong to the ground. She seized the incident, with a degree of wisdom and fidelity almost peculiar to herself, and said, "*If God*

don't keep us, we shall both fall off and break our bones." Never did I feel so keenly as at that moment, and in my then dangerous position, my dependence on God for preservation. Often since that time, in scenes of danger, has that remark occurred to my recollection with great force, and much has it contributed to form within me the firmest belief in the agency of an overruling Providence, that it extends to the atom as well as to the globe, to the insect as well as to the seraph, and is indispensable to our preservation, whether travelling on a horse or after a locomotive—whether lounging on the softest divans in city parlors, or reeling at mast-head in a hurricane.

At another time I was amusing myself with a top in my grandmother's room. Various success attended my efforts at spinning the top. Sometimes it would run against a chair or a table, which destroyed its rotary motion, and then it would instantly fall to the floor and cease to move. Then, again, it would run into the interstices between the boards of the floor (for Brussels and Wiltons were in no favor there in those days), and then it would totter away to its fall, and buzz out, in irregular whirls, its brief career; and, anon, meeting with no impediments, its revolutions would continue for a long time, noiseless and apparently motionless, till the impulse which had been given to it gradually died away, and, seemingly from the imbecility of old age, it would at last yield to a fate which it had no longer either strength or disposition to resist.

My childish play was so absorbing, that I became quite unconscious of surrounding objects. The spell was suddenly broken by my grandmother's voice, calling me by name, "D—, come to me." I obeyed the kind but unexpected summons. She was in tears. I could not divine the cause of her weeping, and inquired what was the matter. "My dear boy," she replied, "your top is a striking emblem of human life. Sometimes, you see, it falls quickly, like your little brother, who died before he was two years old. Then, again, it runs a longer time, like your father, who is now middle aged, but it suddenly strikes some object and instantly falls; and your dear father, too (prophetic remark), may die in the strength of his manhood. Occasionally your top meets with no resistance, and after many revolutions, its strength gradually dies away, and it drops to the floor because it can go no longer. That is like my-

self, worn out with age, and just ready to fall into the grave. You are very young; but you, like the top, may drop down suddenly; you *may* die to-night; you should then repent of your sins *now*, and love the Saviour."

So serious a moral, drawn so unexpectedly from my boyish sport, and applied to my conscience with such almost inimitable skill and power, struck me like a voice from heaven. The impression was overwhelming. Trembling like the aspen leaf, I went away and tried to pray.

Such are some of the many specimens of the Christian faithfulness of that eminent and venerated saint. If I have a hope of heaven which will not fail me—if I am at all useful in the ministerial or editorial vocation, it is owing, I doubt not, in a high degree, to the counsels and prayers of that grandmother, whose memory is precious in death, and whose record is on high.

The reader has already been informed of the devoted piety of several of the aged members of the church in that town. For many years they sustained among themselves a weekly prayer meeting, on the afternoon of every Thursday. They met at each other's houses, and devoted the whole afternoon, even in the summer's longest days, to that beloved and favorite exercise. No pressure of business in the busiest seasons of the year, and no degree of heat, or cold, or storm, could prevent these pilgrims, with Rev. Mr. H—, their respected pastor, from these weekly assemblies. In their disclosures of "the lights and shadows" of their Christian experience, sometimes, though rarely, they were found at Vanity Fair and in Doubting Castle; but more frequently you might have seen them on the Delectable Mountains, or on Mount Clear, exercising their skill with the perspective-glass, in attempting to descry the gates of the Celestial City, whither they were bound.

My grandmother loved those seasons of social converse with God next to the closet and the sanctuary; and true to her Christian instinct to "train me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," she used to take me to those little weekly convocations. My own inclinations would have led me anywhere else in preference. To think of spending a long and beautiful summer's afternoon with such old folks, and enduring the penance of a prayer meeting which seemed likely to have

no end, when I wished to be engaged in playing ball, or throwing stones, or hunting birds' nests, was, in the last degree, forbidding and irksome. But there was no release; the hour for the meeting had come, and go I must.

Perhaps my readers would like to know how that prayer-meeting was conducted. It was something on this wise. Its principal members, for convenience' sake, we will call Rev. Mr. H—, Lieut. Strong, Capt. Lyman, Ensign Judd, Dea. Sikes, and Mr. Kingsley; for the reader must bear in mind that military titles were then more popular than they are even in these days of war with Mexico, and were always most sacredly appropriated to their respective owners. In my simplicity, I thought those high-sounding titles were the veritable *Christian* names which their parents had given them in baptism. The venerable pastor took the lead of the exercises, for in those times of lay subordination, no man or woman presumed to encroach upon clerical prerogatives; and if any knotty question in theology happened to be started, and any difference of opinion was found among the brethren, the case was referred, by common consent, to Father H—, and his decision, whoever it convicted of error, was received with profound respect and universal acquiescence. After the devout reading of a passage from the Scriptures, interspersed perhaps with a few explanatory remarks, and an occasional quotation from Burdett or Doddridge, Mr. H— would call, for instance, upon Lieut. Strong to offer the first prayer. That old octogenarian rarely excused himself. He was not often so afflicted with a cold or a cough that he could not converse with God; but after some apologies for his unworthiness to lead his brethren to the throne of grace and to appear before a holy God, he would rise and turn round his large arm chair, and, supporting himself by the top of it, begin a prayer which was sure to last an hour by the watch. The venerable group around him, male and female, would stand till exhausted nature called for relief, and then, resuming their seats, would remain in the most devout posture till the prayer was ended. I used to rise and sit, and sit and rise, and assume all imaginable positions, and tax my ingenuity to kill the time till the prayer was done. How that old patriarch, who led the devotions of the company in the feebleness and decrepitude of more than eighty years, could stand so long, though supported by the high arm-chair, was

to me inconceivable. But he was so intent on obtaining "the ear of the Lord of Sabbath"—so fervent in his supplication for a revival of religion—so absorbed in his wrestlings with the "angel of the covenant"—that he seemed for the time to be absolved from the laws of mortality, and like Milton's angels,

"Instinct with life, could not,
But by annihilating, die."

When he had concluded he sat down, and though able partially to join in the remaining exercises, it was sometimes very evident that exhausted nature required repose. Singing usually succeeded to prayer, and the number of quavers and semi-quavers which the tremulous voices of those aged veterans in praise introduced into China, Mear, and Lenox, might not have been in harmony with the scientific notions of Beethoven and Handel; but their music, I doubt not, was highly acceptable to Him who loves the thanksgivings and confessions of "the humble and contrite in heart."

Some case of conscience, some difficult text of Scripture, some problem in Christian experience, or an inquiry why the Holy Spirit was then withheld from the town, would next be proposed for solution. Their plain remarks usually exhibited more good sense, more sound casuistry, more practical wisdom, and more devoted piety, than could be expected from a conclave of cardinals. I have been a member of two theological seminaries of the first grade in our country, and no one entertains a profounder degree of respect than myself for the able professors in those institutions; but they will pardon me, I hope, when I say that I have found no sounder expositors of doctrinal truth, and no more eloquent enforcers of religious obligation, than those holy men who filled those kitchen chairs of instruction in the chimney corners of my native town.

When the topic of religious discourse had become exhausted, and all were satisfied, by this comparison of views, that they had actually ascertained, as their phrase was, "the mind and will of the Holy Spirit," Father H— would call perhaps upon Ensign Judd to lead in the second prayer. The tall, dignified form of that venerated saint, though it was long since remanded to the dust, is as distinctly traced upon the retina of my mind as if I saw him yesterday. All those patriarchs, like Abraham, their prototype, felt,

when they approached "the High and Lofty One," that they were "but dust and ashes." The customary apologies of unworthiness were made, not from any "show of humility" or desire to extort a compliment to his superior goodness; for though Ensign Judd had in his day doubtless been a courageous officer at the head of his platoon of militia, his strength was turned into weakness in the presence of Him who "hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS."

That man of God, after adjusting his chair and his position, would then give Him who occupies the mercy-seat "no rest" for another hour. Petition after petition, argument upon argument, entreaty upon entreaty, tears following tears, were poured out from the fullness of his heart till the very heavens were rent by his supplications, and the assembled group baptized afresh from on high. I have attended many prayer-meetings since those days of yore, but have rarely found men who had apparently so much "power with God." Pure and extensive revivals of religion often visited that town—converts were multiplied "as the drops of the morning," and not a few of the descendants of that generation of Christian worthies are now adorning a religious profession, or preaching the Gospel at the east and the west; and Wisconsin and Iowa, as well as Massachusetts and Maine, are to-day rejoicing in their influence.

Thus hour after hour of those long afternoons would slowly wear away, till the descending sun admonished them that it was

time to bring the meeting to a close. Then they hastened to their domestic duties, for much as they loved to converse with each other and with God, in the sacred circle, it was as truly a part of their religion to observe *seasonable hours*, as to pray, or sing, or talk about the things of the kingdom.

The moral effects of that prayer-meeting upon my youthful heart, and that grandmother's influence in forming my tastes and views, and in giving direction to all my course in life, I can never remember with sufficient gratitude to God. If anybody else has, or has had, a better grandmother, their lot is to be envied, and their obligations are great. If these pages shall arrest the attention of any children or youth of this generation who are impatient of parental or other ancestral restraint, and who, in the pride of their hearts and in disdain of the aged, refuse to "rise up before the hoary head" of a plain but godly grandmother, let them be admonished. If Mary, Queen of Scots, dreaded the prayers of John Knox more than the whole English army, such inconsiderate, disrespectful youth may well tremble. Their adamant firmness will yield and melt away when they come to be confronted in the Judgment with the rejected counsels and prayers of aged relatives, whose "grey hairs," through *their ingratitude*, "were brought down with sorrow to the grave." Respect, then, the wise advice and the Christian anxieties of those veterans in the service of God. "THE HOARY HEAD IS A CROWN OF GLORY, IF IT BE FOUND IN THE WAY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS."

THE LATE REV. DR. GRIFFIN.

Among the most eminent names in the list of American preachers is that of the Rev. Edward D. Griffin, D.D. Those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing him, can never forget his fine appearance, his glowing eloquence, his whole-souled earnestness. His elocution has seldom been equalled. His reading of a psalm or hymn would often produce as visible and strong an impression upon the audience as a well-studied and well-delivered sermon from other men.

His best preaching days were spent in Newark, N. J. His physical strength and his mental vigor were at their highest while ministering there, and many were the witnesses to his fidelity in that interesting city; many yet surviving owe their hopes to his fervent instrumentality. To Newark, after a distinguished public career of nearly forty years, and when nearly three score years and ten old, he returned to close his pilgrimage and fall asleep

in Jesus. It was an affecting and kind Providence that ordered the closing circumstances of this good man's life, and brought him, after his public labors were done, to the bosom of his kindred and early friends, and gave them the privilege of his last prayers and his last counsels, and permitted them the sad but grateful office of committing his honored remains to the tomb. It was kind that he who was sent in his youth to teach them how to live, should be sent again in his old age to show them how to die. There was a beautiful propriety in the Providence which appointed him to be carried to his grave by those whom he had taught how to triumph over the grave—which ordained that he should lie side by side till the resurrection with those who in life had been moved by his thrilling eloquence and fervent prayers, to confide in Him who is the resurrection and the life.

The last days of Dr. Griffin exemplified in an interesting and affecting manner the power and beauty of the religion of which he had been so eminent a minister. No one could fail to observe the ardor of his longings for the prosperity of religion, and its revival in all the churches. He was constantly inquiring of ministers and others how the cause prospered in their churches; and if any one mentioned a single case of anxiety on the subject, his feelings kindled and his countenance was illumined with joy. His pleasure upon hearing of a hopeful conversion seemed exquisite. In his private diary, written at this time, he says, "Since I have been in Newark, I have been distressed at the low state of religion in this city, and have prayed much for a revival here and through the country. I have visited many families, and talked with the unregenerate as faithfully as I could. I have remembered above forty individuals in my daily prayers. I am nothing; but God in his boundless mercy is the hearer of prayer."

His personal experience of the preciousness of religion was increasingly rich and refreshing to the end of his course. "I do love," says he in his diary, "I do love to lie at his feet, and to look up from the dust and see him on the throne. I desire above all things to see him known and honored as God. It is because he is in heaven that I wish to be there. I love to repent. It is a luxury to lie down at his feet and mourn for sin. Christ is precious to my soul, the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. That God should have regenerated me, making all the

difference in my favor between an eternal hell and an eternal heaven, lays me under boundless, boundless, boundless obligations."

For more than a month before the decease of the venerable man, he was unable, from the nature of his disease, to lie down. Of this he speaks in the following extract from his diary, which was one of the last he ever wrote: "I have done lying in bed, and sit in my chair all night and all day. The other day Dr. S. told me, at my request, that it was very doubtful whether I should live till next month. The idea was delightful. I have looked forward to death by dropsy on the chest as very dreadful, but it no longer appears so. A conviction that infinite wisdom and love will order everything for me, leaves no anxiety about anything. It was very fatiguing to sit up at nights, and I dreaded it much; but that consideration of infinite wisdom and love removed in a minute all that anxiety some days ago, and it has not returned for a moment since. I have been deeply affected of late," he continued, "by those most merciful and faithful provisions for a poor, wretched sinner, so needful for an old man going down into the grave after his beloved wife. Not one anxious thought is left me from day to day about the event or the manner. I am taken up in thanking the blessed God for his wonderful mercy and faithfulness in thus dealing with me. That he should select this time to do for me what he never did before—to remove every concern—to fill me with peace—to make that most solemn event and all the dreaded means no longer dreadful, but delightful—is proof of mercy and faithfulness beyond the power of language to express. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

On the last day of his life, it was evident to himself and the anxious friends who surrounded him, that the hour of dissolution was just at hand. He was in perfect possession of his faculties and his brightening hopes of a blessed immortality. Sometimes the fulness of his joy would burst forth in expressions like these: "My heavenly Father, my dear Redeemer, wonderful in mercy and faithfulness, I pray you give him glory for ever and ever!" Being asked if he still continued to dread the dying struggle, "No, I leave it all with God; I refer it all to his will."

About noon a clerical friend called to see him for the last time in the flesh. He pressed

the visitor's hand in his usual affectionate manner. "You see me," said he, "just going home." "My dear friend," said the visitor, "it has often been your privilege to minister consolation to the dying. I trust you now experience that consolation in your own soul." With an earnest and affecting emphasis he replied, "More, more, much more." In this delightful frame he continued till, a few hours after, he sweetly and without a struggle fell asleep in Jesus.

So fades a summer cloud away—
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er—
So gently shuts the eye of day—
So dies a wave along the shore.

The old divines distinguished preparation for death as habitual and actual. A ship is habitually ready for sea whose timbers are sound and strong, whose stores are ample, whose crew is complete, and whose officers are skilful; but it is actually ready when its sails are bent, its colors flying, its anchor

weighed, and the air is rending with the sailors' parting shout. So he is habitually ready for death whose heart is regenerated, whose hope is the Redeemer, and whose life is holiness to the Lord; but he is actually ready who, with death in immediate prospect, can say in the exercise of strong desire and faith,

I'm fetter'd and bound up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.
I want, oh! I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

In both these senses was this honored servant of God prepared. Death was expected, and it was welcome. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

THE DYING BOY'S SOLILOQUY.

BY ALEXANDER MACDOWELL.

SOFTLY stealing o'er,
I hear a sweet, entrancing voice
That bids my wearied heart rejoice:
I've heard it once before,
And yet I cannot tell it, for it all does seem
The vision of a sweet, but unremembered dream.

'Tis not the morning wind that lowly grieves
Its sad weird song amid the household eaves;
Nor is it that of mother, or of sisters fair,
Who watch around my sleep with loving care!
Ah, no! it is not theirs—it cannot be—
No mortal voice can boast such minstrelsy!

O! heart that once beat wild to hear
The gladsome revel of the Spring—
(The blue-eyed Oread of the year)—
Making the wild wood echoes ring,
I see her in the land—and quiet dales and hills
Wake with the music of rejoicing rills.

And ever in mine ear
The wild birds singing and the green woods ringing

So loud and clear—
The echoes dying, and the low winds sighing,
Tell me it is Spring I hear.

I cannot watch her as I once have done,
Clothing the mountains all in green;
Nor by the brooks nor meadows run
To pull her flowers of crimson sheen—
And yet I am content—I will not weep nor sigh,
For Death is on me, and I now must die!

On, cheerily on! thou joyous-hearted Spring,
And o'er my dying brain thy music fling;
But oh! farewell, appalled Queen, farewell!
I know thy laughing echoes are my knell,
And in a little while thy flowers will bloom
In fragrance and in beauty round my tomb.

I feel the folding of an angel's wing,
Ready to bear my tired soul away,
Where reigns a brighter and eternal Spring,
Beyond this changing scene of night and day.
New York, May, 1866.



Claytonia Catifolia—Spring Beauty.

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HENRY AND LOUISE.

IN the north-west corner of the graveyard, at the foot of the hill, is a mound scarcely six feet long, with a simple head-stone. The words of the epitaph are few, being only enough to say that underneath that mound rests from the sorrows of life "HENRY —," who lived a manly life while but a boy, and after eighteen years of living slept under the coffin lid. Last week I was walking slowly along the avenues of Greenwood Cemetery, talking earnestly with a well-beloved friend, with my eye fixed on the ground, when some peculiarity of the path caused me to look up, and I saw a simple monument or pillar on a family vault, having but one word, "LOUISE." I had not yet read the name of the family, but the indescribable thrill which I felt through my veins, told me that it was the place of rest of her whom I had watched by in years far gone, when I was a boy, whose eye I had seen close in long darkness one winter day up among the Highlands. I have thought in this sketch to recall the stories or the story of Henry and Louise. We were children together.

I am older now, and some trials and some sorrows, and not a few disappointments, have made me more callous to the hardships of living than I was then, when I lost, one by one, the friends of my childhood. Yet even now I cannot see a funeral pass in the street but I remember the vacant look of our house after she was carried from it; nor can I see a golden tress on the head of a girl, but I remember those locks of gold that hung around her neck, and waved like the tissue of a bright dream all over her. One of those tresses is in my left hand even now as I write, and her face is vividly before me. Scarcely a day passes that some token does not recall to mind a memory of her, and her voice (how rich, and full, and melodious it was!) floats up to me from the din of the city, and I start from my chair, so distinct is its utterance. Alas, she is dead!

I had two friends—nay, three. Henry — was one. If I should pause to speak of his character, it would lead me into one of those reveries to which all are subject, when the past is revived and the graves of buried affections are opened. Yet I cannot pass by the recollection of his amazing strength of

intellect and the grasp of his mind. It was gigantic even in his boyhood, for he was but a boy when his soul was freed. He seemed to live in another world than the one existent around him, and the keenness with which he looked at the ordinary events of life pierced their covering, so that he looked at the causes at the same moment with the effects, and was continually mindful of the Great First Cause. Thus living, always conscious of his high heritage as an immortal creature of an infinite God, his boyhood became an earnest pilgrimage, each day bringing him nearer the rank of a free spirit. He loved and was beloved by all, and at the age of sixteen he had become the idol of the village. He was at this time fitted for college, and might with ease have passed his examination for the senior class.

It was in the summer of his seventeenth year that Louise — came to our village to attend school. She was a fair child of sixteen, gifted with a marvellous beauty that drew all eyes and won all hearts, even before the lips let out that flood of melody which was the index of a pure and hoping soul. I say a *hoping* soul, for she seemed always looking and longing for some new thought, and rejoiced with exceeding joy when an idea broke on her to which she had before been a stranger. She was the child of wealthy parents in the city, and was sent to board with our excellent clergyman (whose wife was her aunt), while she attended the school on the hill. I remember very well the day she entered our village. Henry and myself were walking in the street, and saw her at the window of the parsonage. "I wonder who she is," said I. "I'll soon find out," said he, and that evening he was walking in the graveyard with her. Six months passed, and Henry's mother died. He became an inmate of the minister's family while his father went to the far west. They studied together, he guiding her in the paths of truth, and she winning him by her trustful life from the imminent danger of a speculative faith to a firm, unwavering trust in the merits of an atoning sacrifice.

It was a difficult matter to trace the changes which his soul underwent during the brief period of its transition from philosophic darkness to the pure light of faith and hope. He

became fond of retirement, and especially sought a seat in the corner of the graveyard, near the bank of the river (he sleeps there now), where he passed hours in deep thought, or poring over the pages of a book, which he invariably concealed when any one approached him. That book was his mother's little pocket Bible. It was but a few days that he thus hesitated or pondered. The light burst upon him, and shone in his face, and eyes, and actions. Thenceforth he was a man indeed.

It was a pleasant sound to hear the church bell in our village, and one Friday afternoon it rang for the lecture preparatory to the communion. The congregation assembled, and listened to the venerable pastor with solemn attention as he spoke the words of life. After the sermon he gave notice of the communion services on the next Sabbath, concluding with the usual announcement, "The session have admitted to this church on examination, Henry — and Louise —." How softly the sunshine streamed through the windows and fell on the old square pews! At that moment a beam fell on the golden hair of Louise, and verily she seemed to have become an angel. The Sabbath morning came, and they two stood up, side by side, in the presence of the congregation, and vowed their lives unto the God of our salvation. They were beautiful children before; they seemed then to be more than earthly.

That evening I entered the house of the pastor, and sought his study. It was a small room opening into the sitting-room, and I found the door open, but the pastor was gone. I seated myself in his large chair, when I heard voices in the next room. I had entered so quietly at a side door as not to be heard, and before I had time to make my presence known by a cough or a noise, I heard the voice of Louise uttering the words of Ruth: "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." I entered the room after a moment's delay, and found her standing in the window which opened towards the river, looking into Henry's face, who was wholly engaged in that gaze. They turned towards me as I entered, and I saw that their rambles and studies together had bound them closely to one another, and when the bond of God's love was wound around them both, it seemed as if a new chain had been riveted on their souls.

In very deed the love of two such children is a beautiful, a holy thing. It is a gleam of sunshine in the ways of the world; it is a dream of gladness in the night of sin's desolation; it is a smile of God amid the frowns of his offended justice! Such love is a chord of music—a string whereon angel hands seem to be occupied in waking melodies, and its sound in their hearts was praise to the God who had given them to one another.

Three weeks from that night the new moon shone on Henry's grave! He died of a disease of the heart, which had long gathered strength for the final blow when his cheek was blooming and his soul full of glad hopes. A sudden deprivation of strength, a brief interval of returning strength, a day of sublime converse on the hopes and fears of the past and the glory of the future, the heaven to which he was looking, and all was over! Louise bore it like a woman. She grew strong in that severe trial, and pointed him to the bright star which gleamed through the night of death, with her own eye fixed steadily on it.

We buried him. The next year made fearful changes in our little village. Our pastor died. Good old man! The church bell tolled seventy-two strokes one Sabbath morning while the Sunday School was in. How the little children wept, and the older ones bowed down their heads, and the teachers grew pale, and good old Deacon B. rose and said, "Let us pray;" and the solemn voice of prayer went up to the throne of God, and he heard it, I doubt not, even at the moment that the soul of the pastor was bowing at his feet.

"How glad, if he can be gladdened thus, will Henry be to see him," said Louise to me that morning. If he were thus made happy, I doubt not he was more so when she joined him, six months afterwards.

After the pastor's death she left us, but returned the ensuing winter to visit my sister. On New Year's day they went out to ride in the afternoon. The horses became restive, and finally altogether unmanageable. They ran at a tremendous pace through the village, until the sleigh was overturned, throwing the ladies upon the sidewalk. Louise was taken up senseless, and with an arm broken. She never spoke again, but on the fourth day from that she quietly ceased to breathe. As we were watching over her, longing for one look of intelligence from her blue eyes, which had been closed since the accident, she moved her

head slightly and opened them, and looked from one to another; then her gaze became fixed by something on the wall, while a smile lit her pale features. No word was spoken in the room, for all seemed to expect her to speak. That smile grew brighter and brighter, and she calmly closed her eyes. None knew that she was dead till some seconds had passed. I turned towards the wall and remem-

bered, what I had forgotten till then, that she had been brought in haste into my room when the fearful accident had occurred, and that on my wall hung a likeness of Henry, which I had borrowed of his father.

I had but one friend of my boyhood left. He is not buried there. Perhaps some time I may tell his story.

LINES TO A FRIEND

ON THE DEATH OF HER ONLY CHILD.

On! weep, dear Anna—let thy tears
Fall like the early summer rain;
'Twill soothe the burning woe that sears
Deep into throbbing heart and brain.

But mourn not *hopelessly* the lost,
The cherished darling of thy soul—
Sink not, though thou art tempest-tost,
And giant billows o'er thee roll.

For when thou passest through the wave,
The Saviour's power shall bear thee up,
And that correcting hand that gave,
Shall sweeten, too, the bitter cup.

I know 'twill wring thy bursting heart
To think of each remembered tone,
Each murmured word, and playful art,
And winning action, all her own.

And thou wilt miss the darling form—
The pattering sound of little feet—
The frequent kiss from lips so warm,
Was wont thy answering kiss to meet.

And when the sober-mantled eve
Falls with a shadow on thy hearth,
Thou'lt grieve as none but mothers grieve,
That she returns no more to earth.

Thou'lt long to follow where she's gone,
And guard her with untiring love;
Thou'lt think of her as all alone,
Away from thee, although above.

But close thine earthly eyes, and gaze
With spirit-glance, where, throned in light,
Newburgh, May, 1846.

Radiant with glory's brightest rays,
Thy baby dwelleth, clothed in white!

Look on that pure and childish brow—
No trace of death is written there!
A babe no more—a seraph now!
Could you have deemed her half so fair?

See how the Saviour tenderly
Foldeth her to his holy breast,
And lays his sterner glories by
To lull the little one to rest!

And see the innumerable host
Of holy angels bending near,
To watch the infant loved and lost
With gentle and unwearying care.

Think how she dwells eternally
Where tears and pain can never come;
No billow of life's stormy sea
Can reach her in that peaceful home.

Was not thy love for her too fond,
Partaking of idolatry,
Forbidding thee to look beyond,
The brighter face of God to see?

Thou, while thou mournest for thy loss,
Oh meekly take the lesson given,
And cling more closely to the cross,
And steadfast tread the path to heaven,

And evermore with patience wait,
Submissive to the chastening rod,
Till Death shall open the eternal gate,
And place thee with her, near to God!

M. E. M.

THE SPRING BEAUTY.

BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

SYSTEMATIC name.—*Claytonia latifolia*; Class V., *Pentandria*; Order I., *Monogynia*; Natural order—*Portulacaceæ*.

Generic Character.—Calyx formed of two valve-like leaves: corol five-petaled, retuse: stigma three-cleft: capsule one-celled, three-valved, three to five seeded.

Specific Character.—Leaves two, ovate-lanceolate; raceme one-sided, rising from between the leaves: petals obovate, white, or pink, striped with red lines; yellowish green at their insertion on the receptacle; anthers red: calyx obtuse: root tuberous. The plant grows from four to six inches high: found in woods and hedges—a variety of the *virginica*.

Geography.—Indigenous to the Eastern, Western, and Middle States, and other places of corresponding climate. Other species are found farther south.

Properties.—Emollient, slightly tonic, antiseptic, and aperient. The *C. perfoliata*, however, is the only species whose virtues have been tested.

Remarks.—This plant receives its generic name in honor of Dr. John Clayton, an eminent botanist and physician of Virginia. He was born in England in 1685, and came to America in 1705. He was elected member of several of the first literary societies in Europe, and corresponded with many of the greatest naturalists of that day. His practical researches were very extensive, having passed a long life in collecting and describing the plants of his country, and is supposed to have added as great a list to the botanical catalogue as any man that ever lived. He was the author of the "*Flora Virginica*," and of several interesting papers published in the *Philosophical Transactions on the Culture of the different species of Tobacco*. He also published a full and minute account of the medicinal plants he had discovered in Virginia, and even at the time of his death, in his eighty-eighth year, he left two volumes of manuscript neatly prepared for the press, and a

hortus siccus, with marginal notes and references for the engraver who was to prepare the plates for the proposed work. His zeal for botanical research was so great, that in the year preceding his death he made a tour through Orange county, collecting his specimens with the same interest and delight he had ever manifested when thus employed.

The specific name, *latifolia*, is compounded of *latus*, a side, and *folium*, a leaf, so named because its leaves are inclined to one side.

Its common name (Spring Beauty) is just such a one as it would naturally receive from any who would contemplate its beauty but for a moment. With what joy did we hail this sweet little flower in the days of our boyhood. Scarcely would the snow be melted away from our New England forests, when this little fairy would come peeping up from among the dead leaves, and with gentle, modest blushes greet us at almost every step along "the deep tangled woodland." It is among the first to proclaim that the terrors of winter are over—that the Ice King has resigned his dominions, and the happy and peaceful reign of Spring has already commenced. Many, doubtless, who have always lived where the Spring Beauty smiles in every thicket and gladdens every forest glade, may say they never have seen it. Well, then, they must have trodden upon it, and had we been there we would have given them a lusty shove for so rash or heedless an act. We would ask our New England and western friends just to examine our engraving, which is next to nature herself, and then, about the time they are "doing off" the last "batch" of maple sugar, look along the hill-side or bank of rivulet, and they will discover our fair friend just expanding itself to enjoy the warm sunshine and inhale the bland zephyrs of spring. From that time till June, it is the belle of the forest. As often as we meet with this delicate flower in the far off and unfrequented woodland, we are reminded of these sweet lines of the poet—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

Sentiment.—Smiling infancy.

One April morn that sweetly rose
Serene, and pure, and bright,
I saw this pretty flower unclothe
Its petals to the light.

Gently it raised its blushing head,
Beneath the leafy spray,
And all its little charms outspread,
To cheer my pilgrim way.

Again I sought its native bower;
Day lingered in the west,
The dew-drop trembled on my flower;
'Twas closed as if at rest.

Thus doth the lovely infant smile,
To bless the parent's heart;
The hours of care and pain beguile,
And hope and joy impart.

Though it may meet some little grief,
And for a moment weep,
An angel's whisper brings relief;
'Twill fold its hands and sleep.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

TELL me, ye sweet children of the rough,
dark earth, who gave you your lovely forms,
for in truth ye were spun by delicate fingers?
What tiny spirits arose out of your cups?
Tell me of your delight when goddesses rock-
ed themselves upon your leaves! Tell me,
gentle flowers, how they pursued their plea-
sant task—how they smiled and nodded to
each other, as they spun the fine and countless
meshes, and adorned and embroidered them so
gaily!

But ye are silent, sweet children, wrapped
in the enjoyment of your being. Well, the
instructive fable shall tell me then that which
your lips refuse to utter.

Of old, when the earth stood out a mass of
naked rock, lo! a friendly band of nymphs
brought the virgin soil, and favoring spirits
appeared to cover the bare rock with flowers.
To each was parcelled out a share of the
varied task. First, beneath the snow and
amid the cold wet grass, modest Humility
began, and spun the shrinking violet. Hope
followed her, and filled with cooling vapor
the little cup of the refreshing hyacinth.
Seeing their labors thus successful, a proud
and gaudy choir of nymphs now approached,
and the tulip raised her head aloft, and the

narcissus glanced around with its languishing
eyes.

Still other goddesses and nymphs betook
themselves to the varied task, and decorated
the earth, rejoicing over the lovely forms
which arose beneath their hands.

And behold, when the greater part of their
works had faded and lost their glory, and the
delight of the nymphs was checked, Venus
spoke to her Graces: "Why do you linger,
sweet sisters? Away, and weave from your
charms a mortal, visible emblem also."

They descended to earth, and Aglaia, the
Grace of Innocence, formed the lily. Thalia
and Euphrosyne, with united hand, spun the
flower of joy and love, the virgin rose.

Many flowers of the field and of the gar-
den envied one another; the rose and the lily
envied none, and were envied by all. Like
sisters, they bloom together upon the same
field of time, and lend beauty and ornament to
each other, for they were formed by the united
hands of the sister Graces.

Upon your cheeks, oh maidens, bloom the
lily and the rose; may their graces also, inno-
cence, joy, and love, united and inseparable,
dwell with them.

THE BROKEN HEART.

"Some perish of pleasure—some of study—
Some worn of toil—some of mere weariness—
Some of disease—some of insanity—
And some of wither'd, or of broken hearts;
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are numbered on the book of Fate,
Taking all shapes and wearing all names."

I CANNOT admire, neither would I cherish, that morbid sensibility which weeps over the novelist's scene of unreal sorrow, while the heirs of penury and suffering, thronging the daily paths of life, have no power to affect the heart and move the soul to action. There is enough of this surface sympathy in this age of sentimentalism and false philanthropy. Countless tears have been shed on the page of fiction and floor of theatres, while these same readers could make mirth at the ravages of sin around them, and coldly listen to the recital of grief, which had darkened for ever a once happy home.

The following truthful sketch is a single page from the history of a family circle; and while it illustrates the transcendent excellence of Christian character, breathes admonition to those who deem it a guiltless thing to break their vows and to trifle with the holiest feelings of the human heart.

On the first Sabbath in this month of beauty, which was the day following that of my arrival in my native village, after fifteen years' absence, I took an early walk to the old burial ground of the parish. It was on the brow of a sloping hill, and from this green summit I looked around with rapture upon the wild unshorn mountains which completely encircle the valley of my nativity, and off on to the beautiful river, whose murmur had lulled my spirit to life's purest dreams—then turned with sadness to the "silent city," many of whose mounds covered the ashes of playmates of my boyhood. And there was one neat enclosure, its turf within all covered with blooming flowers, and under the name of Ann, carved on the headstone, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," round which I lingered with tears.

Ann, from her cradle dreams, was a gentle being. Her confiding heart was early imbued with the beautiful spirit of a mother's piety; and in the sweet retirement of her cottage

home, she grew to womanhood, pure in feeling as the lamb upon the lawn, but frail in form as the flowers she nurtured beneath her casement. Her songs in the sanctuary and round the family altar were like the warble of the sky-lark soaring heavenward.

While thus the happy favorite in the circle of society of which she was a member, William N—, a young man called handsome in person, and of winning manners, sought and won her love. She gave him her affection, hallowed by piety, and next to her Infinite Father, he was the object of sweetest thought, whose smile was bliss, and whose frown was the darkest shadow of life.

Years melted away, and he left his native hills to complete his education. But the gay world and new associations for awhile seemed to deepen his early attachment, and brighten the rainbow hopes of the future. But there came a change—the tone of his letters was altered, and the being who loved him still with a true woman's heart read them with tears. He finally asked to be released from his promise of marriage. I was permitted to read a part of their correspondence commencing at this period. There was no sickly sentimentality in her tender remonstrance against his cruelty. She reminded him of the past, and assured him her heart had been too long fixed to detach itself from its idol without a struggle. How could it be otherwise? She had known him from childhood, and suspicion of insincerity or unfaithfulness had never flung even a momentary gloom upon her joyous spirit.

She closed a beautiful letter written at this crisis with the following touching language: "I have lately heard your favorite piece of music, 'Long, long ago,' sung and played at the piano, and the effect on my own mind language cannot express. But I would assure you that your Ann is the same to you now that she was 'long, long ago;' and she would she could feel that her William is the same to her now she believes he was 'long, long ago.' She would request therefore that when you hear that piece sung again, you will bestow *one thought* at least upon her you 'long, long ago' professed to love."

He relented, and renewed his assurances of affection. The wedding apparel was prepar-

ed, and friends at a distance invited, in harmony with his own wishes; and Ann was once more happy and blithesome as the song birds of her own blue mountains. But she was to learn in the bitterness of disappointment that "man may smile, and *smile again*, and be a *villain*!" A letter came from her absent lover; she broke the seal with the ardor of expectant love; but as her eye ran over the page, the strife of an inward storm gushed forth in tears, and clouded with gloom the features of a face just now bright and peaceful as the sky in spring time.

It was the cold farewell of a faithless one that met her swimming eye. Though with Christian resignation she bore the shock, and made a martyr-like effort to be cheerful, her nightly pillow, bedewed with tears, told the tale of

"——— silent sorrow,
Which can find no vent in speech."

In uncomplaining gentleness she sank in the arms of fatal decline. She died in a few brief months, the victim of a virtuous and delicate sensibility, and with a heart crushed by cruelty, which, whether *fortune* or pleasure were the motive of seeking the hand of another, will recoil upon the head of him who entered the family circle of confiding friends to blight its purest bliss, and wither in one broken heart the hopes and the joy of a household.

Upon the burial day the choir of the temple in which she worshipped wore the badge of mourning, and over her vacant seat hung folds

of crape. They surrounded her grave while the coffin was let down to its narrow chamber, and sung with mournful pathos "Mount Vernon," amid the smile of returning spring.

From one of the poems composed on her death, the following lines were selected:

"The death-knell has sounded its notes through
the vale,
And the tear-drop of sorrow is seen in each
eye;
While borne on the breeze is the mourner's low
wail—
All hearts are in unison—all breathe a sigh.

In life's happy morn she was bright as the flowers
That flourish'd in beauty while reared by her
care;
Joy beamed on her pathway, and on flew the
hours,
While dreams of the future were radiant and
fair.

But a tempest was gathering—dark shadows had
come,
And joys of her childhood were fading from
view;
And leaving its long-cherish'd, innocent home,
The song-bird of happiness bade her adieu."

Yes, she has passed away—

"Gone, but not lost!"

Her music is now the virtuous anthem of the
skies! And while many mourn, 'tis as for
the departure of an angel, whose presence
they shall hail as they pass through the val-
ley of shadows! H.

New York, May, 1846.

TWILIGHT.

How beautiful the twilight hour!

A holy calm descends
To still the passions of our souls,
And a mild influence leads
To lead our thoughts away from earth,
From its dull cares and strife,
And whispers, as with spirit-tones,
There is a better life.

The twilight hour!—it is the time
When angel spirits come
To hold sweet converse with us here,
And tell us of their home;

And tell us, too, that home is ours,
When death those ties shall sever
Which bind our spirits down to earth,—
A home of love for ever!

And if, amid the cares of life,
There is a moment given
To lead our weary spirits up
To brighter hopes in heaven;
If there's a time when we can feel
With a resistless power,
The truth of a Divinity,
'Tis the calm twilight hour.

E. C. E.

CONVERSATION ABOUT INSTABILITY.

A NUMBER of serious persons, some young and some advancing in years and religious experience, happening together not long since, the evening was spent in conversation upon a topic made interesting to our hearts by its connection with our characters and hopes as Christians, viz. : instability and indecision in carrying out our moral and religious convictions and resolves into our daily actions. Our observation of the frequent inconsistency of conduct with principle in general society, had less to do in giving this particular turn to our thoughts than the personal experience, which several of our company were frank enough to confess had been their lot ; and our interest in the subject was further awakened and deepened by the case of one of our number, a fine young man of most ingenuous and amiable character, who on this occasion evinced profound distress in view of some recent irregularities into which he had unhappily fallen, and in escaping from which he was seeking sympathy and counsel. In comparing views among ourselves, we were led to inquire into some of the causes of that instability in religion, of which we were sensible our own hearts and lives accused us. With the hope that the profit may extend to others, I venture to embody in this paper some of the suggestions thrown out on that occasion.

It was observed by one that the physical structure, temperament, health, &c., of the individual, exerted often an undefined, mysterious influence upon the feelings and conduct ; that a weak body is often found connected with an infirm will ; a sickly frame with a sickly mind ; a timid, desponding temperament with an irresolute, faltering, doubting heart. Here he referred to a passage from the admirable Mr. Jay in illustration : " It is for physiologists to explain the manner in which the corporeal organization affects the mind. I only assert the fact that there is in the physical construction of some persons, much more than of others, some quality which augments, if it does not create, both the stability of their resolutions and the energy of their active tendencies. There is something which, like the ligatures which one class of the Olympic combatants bound on their hands and wrists, braces round, if I may so express it, and compresses the powers of the mind, giving them a steady, forcible spring and re-

action, which they would at once lose if they could be transferred into a body of soft, yielding, treacherous debility. The action of strong character seems to demand something firm in its corporeal basis, as massive engines require for their weight and for their working, to be fixed on a solid foundation." This view of the matter was felt by all present to be true and important ; and it suggested the Christian duty of caring for bodily health, and avoiding whatever would enfeeble our frames, since every enervating habit lays the foundation for the irresolute, fickle operation of the mind.

Ignorance, we all agreed, was a fruitful source of instability, and some melancholy cases were recalled to our memories of young acquaintance, who had started fairly and run well for a time, but were lured, by false teachers and false theories, to a sad end.

We found, too, that a vain attempt to serve two dissimilar masters led necessarily to a vacillating life. Our own experience, when appealed to, showed us, that the attempt to carry on a life of sense and a life of faith—a course of worldliness and a course of devotion, could only result in the soul's fluttering and falling between the two ; and that, adopting such a scheme, a man's conduct will endlessly contradict itself. Absurd as the attempt to serve both God and Mammon appeared, we were forced to acknowledge to each other that this was a rock upon which we had often well nigh split.

It was further observed, that the attempt to be religious by any standard of outward conformity must lead to a tortuous and fickle deportment, for the obvious reason, that the standard itself is crooked and ever shifting. What so fickle as fashion ? It has passed into the proverbs of every language. Mere fashion in religion is as changeful as fashion in dress or manners. Those, then, who befriend and profess religion, not because it is true and right, but because it is customary, must needs be unstable, for as usage changes they must change with it, and assume as many phases as it does. " In Rome he must do as the Romans do." This is all his governing principle of outward conformity calls for, and it is never to be expected that a man will rise higher than his standard.

But perhaps all the causes of religious in-

stability may be resolved into one, viz.: the deficiency of faith among the principles of the renewed spirit. It was a wise prayer of the Disciples, "Lord, increase our faith." Faith must not only *exist* in the soul; it must be exalted to the rank and influence of a commanding principle, or the moral machine will expend its force in unsteady, eccentric, and fitful motion. The various other principles of action are good in their place, and in proper subordination. Fear, shame, hope, love of happiness, and the rest, may make good followers, but poor leaders. Faith must be supreme. And to such pre-eminence the Bible distinctly exalts it. It was faith thus enthroned, thus supreme in their souls, that enabled the Elders to obtain a good report and

a triumphant issue to their conflicts. The prayer of the Disciples should be that of every man who, by *patient continuance* in well doing, seeks for eternal life.

These were some of the thoughts interchanged on the occasion above referred to. And while we communed together and united in lamenting our past failures and the consequent joylessness of our experience and the inefficiency of our influence and example, we agreed, with some degree, I trust, of earnest sincerity, to aim henceforth at a steadier and "closer walk with God," and to watch with intenser vigilance against the causes that betray the heart and beguile the steps of the Christian from the path of consistency and uprightness.

NEMO.

FRIENDSHIP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

WHEN David was returned from the slaughter of the Amalekites, he heard tidings that Jonathan, the friend of his youth, had fallen by the sword. Then the tears came into his eyes, and he took his harp and began a sad lamentation, and sang, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan! Very pleasant hast thou been to me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Jonathan, who was slain in the high places."

Thus spoke David and rent his clothes, and mourned and wept, and fasted for three days, so that his form wasted away. Then Asaph, the chief singer of the palace, approached him, and said, "Not so, my lord, the king! Be it far from thee that thou shouldst consume thyself with grief for Jonathan. Choose thee another friend from among the children of Israel, that thy heart may become young and glad again."

"How canst thou speak in this wise, Asaph?" answered David. "Have I then *chosen* Jonathan for my friend. The Lord has given him to me. Behold! the covenant of friendship is a gift from God; how can a man *choose* to himself a friend?"

And Asaph said, "So be it! Pray then to the Lord that he give thee another friend, that thou mayest make a covenant with him even as with Jonathan."

Then David wept bitterly, and answered, "Alas! thou knowest not the covenant of my heart with the son of Saul. I loved him as I love my own soul. I had given him my whole heart. How can I give my heart a second time?"

Then his fingers rushed again over the strings of his harp. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan! very pleasant hast thou been to me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women!"

ADAM AND THE CHERUB OF PARADISE.

FROM KRUMMACHER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

As Abel lay bathed in his blood, and Adam stood by the murdered one and wept, the Cherub of Paradise approached the father of the human race, and stood in silence at his side, and his brow was dark. But Adam raised his head, and said, "Is this a likeness of the race that will spring from my loins? and will the blood of a brother, shed by a brother's hand, ever stain the earth again?"

The Cherub answered, "Thou hast said it."

"Alas! by what name will the frightful deed be called?" asked Adam.

A tear stood in the eye of the celestial one as he answered, "War!"

The father of the human race shuddered, sighed, and said, "Ah, wherefore must the noble and the just fall by the hands of the unjust!"

The Cherub was silent.

But Adam continued his lamentations, and

cried, "What remains to me in my sorrow upon this blood-stained earth?"

The Cherub answered and said, "A look towards heaven." Hereupon he disappeared.

But Adam stood until after the going down of the sun; and when the stars had risen, he stretched out his hands towards Orion and the Pleiades, and cried, "Oh, ye shining watchers at the gates of Heaven, wherefore do ye pursue your path thus silently! If it is permitted to a mortal to hear the sound of your voices, oh speak of the land which is beyond you, and of Abel, the beloved of my soul!"

All around, it grew still more dark, and Adam fell upon his face and prayed. And he heard in his heart a soft voice, "Behold! Abel, thy son, liveth!"

Then he went away consoled, and the sadness of his bosom was calmed.

SLEEP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

Among that band of countless genii which Jupiter created for mortals, to shed joy and pleasure upon the brief space of their toilsome existence, gloomy Sleep appeared also. "What shall I do," he said, as he viewed his form, "what shall I do among my bright and cheerful brothers? What a sad shape is this for the choir of sports and pleasures, and all the witcheries of love! It may be that I shall be welcome to the unhappy, whose hearts I shall relieve from the burden of their cares, and whose senses I shall steep in soft forgetfulness. It may be that the weary may

long for me, to whom I shall give strength only for returning toil. But to those who are never weary, who know nothing of the burdens of care, to such I shall come but as a disturber of their pleasures."

"Thou errest," said the father of gods and men. "Thou, in thy gloomy shape, wilt be the favorite genius of all the world. For dost thou think that sports and pleasures do not weary? They weary, in truth, far sooner than care and misery, and with the sated child of fortune, change to the most tiresome listlessness.

"Neither shalt thou," he continued, be without thy delights; nay, they shall oftentimes surpass those of the united band of thy brothers." With these words he gave him the silver-colored horn of pleasant dreams. "From this," he said, "shake thy poppy seeds, and the happy, as well as the unhappy, will welcome thee, and love thee above all thy brothers. The hopes, the sports and pleasures which lie herein, were gathered with magic hand from our happiest fields by thy sisters, the Graces. The ethereal dew which shines upon them will bring to each one whom thou wouldst render happy his dearest

wish; and as the goddess of love has sprinkled them with our immortal nectar, the enchantment of their joys will surpass all that the poor realities of earth can give to mortals. From the choir of gayest sports and pleasures they will hasten eagerly to thy arms; poets will sing thy praises; even the innocent maiden will long for thee, and thou wilt hang upon her eyelids a sweet, entrancing god."

The complaint of Sleep now changed to triumphant thanks, and the loveliest of the Graces, Pasithea, was given to him in marriage.

TO THE BLACK SEA.

Thou dark and stormy sea!
I little thought it e'er my fate would be
To tread thy shore—
To listen to thy ceaseless roar,
And see the fearful heavings of thy breast
When fierce storms o'er thee sweep;
Or when, in gentler mood, at rest,
To watch thy surge's foaming crest,
And list thy murmurings soft and deep;
Or view thy clear and calm expanse,
When lighted by the sun's bright glance,
Or like one sheet of silver spread,
When through night's veil the moon's fair rays are shed.

Yes, thou dark, dreaded sea,
E'en thou canst sometimes gentle be,
Though when enraged,
Thou foamest like a giant caged;
Yet in thy gentler humor is thy mien
As infant sportings mild;
And beauteous are thy shores, and green,
With each variety of scene,
From mountain summits high and wild,
In whose bold sides are darkly seen
The yawning cleft and deep ravine,
To smiling vales, where softly flows
The murmuring stream, and peaceful flocks repose.
Trebisond (Asia Minor), 1845.

And dear thou art to me,
In fierce and gentle mood, dark, restless sea!
Thou teachest me
Lessons of His dread majesty,
Whom e'en thy wildly raging billows fear,
And oft thy waves convey
Tidings from distant friends to cheer
Our hearts—for this, too, thou art dear.
And more, I love thee that a ray
Of Gospel light has pierced thy gloom,
And for the gladsome hope that soon
This light shall spread from shore to shore
Bound thy broad waste, and darkness' reign be o'er.

Then, thou wide rolling sea!
How beautiful thy verdant shores will be,
When Moslem low,
With Greek, Armenian, Jew, shall bow
At Jesus' holy name; when the glad eye
Shall o'er thy waters dark,
Instead of minaret, descrie
The church's steeple towering high;
And when the raptured ear shall hark
To the sweet echoing Sabbath bell,
Which o'er thy crested waves shall swell—
As Eden fair thy shores shall be
In that blest day, far spreading Euxine sea.

M. G. B.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

BLACKWOOD ON WOMAN'S EARTHLY TASK.—One of the distinguishing glories by which our modern civilisation is characterized, is the rank and influence assigned to woman. The highest progress of ancient times knew nothing of her proper position and destiny, and hence the most refined and polished society of Greece and Rome was dashed with barbarism. The grand instrument of modern improvement has been the Gospel, which alone solves the problem of woman's destiny and defines her task. This is eloquently stated in a passage in Blackwood's Magazine: "Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern empires; but to form those by which laws are made, armies led, and empires governed; to guard against the slightest taint of bodily infirmity the frail yet spotless creature whose moral no less than physical being must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn and nations yet uncivilized shall learn to bless; to soften firmness into mercy, and chasten honor into refinement; to exalt generosity into virtue; by a soothing care to all the anguish of the body and the far worse anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over sense; to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to be compensation for friends that are perfidious, for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation. The couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of the rejected Saviour—these are theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny; to visit the forsaken, to attend the neglected when monarchs abandon, when counsellors betray, when justice prosecutes, when brethren and disciples flee, to remain unshaken and unchanged; and exhibit in the lower world a type of that love, pure, constant, and ineffable, which in another world we are taught to believe the test of virtue."

FUGITIVE POETRY.—While it is true that our modern literature boasts of little that can properly be called epic poetry, we are perhaps amply compensated for that deficiency by the number of excellent fugitive articles which are constantly making their appearance in the magazines and other journals of the day—articles often of exquisite grace and beauty, or of earnest, truthful appealings—articles which, like small seed carried on the wings of the wind and dropped here and there, and everywhere, will yet spring up in golden fruitage or in lovely flowers, where hitherto only thistles grew and unblest wastes abounded. We say

there is a great deal of good poetry, embodying the choicest thoughts, the most wholesome truths, the tenderest sentiment, put into circulation daily, and this poetry, from being short, has a chance of being read, when a volume would be neglected. 'We often pick up a thought in this way, while we are, as it were, on the wing, and such a thought may start a whole train of profitable meditation. For instance, this little thing meets our eye this morning. A glance almost takes in its sentiment, and it may cleave to us through days or weeks, becoming a sort of guiding, guarding spirit to our heart. Read it.

ENDURANCE—By ROBERT JOSSELYN.

'Tis bitter to endure the wrong
Which evil hands and tongues commit,
The bold encroachments of the strong,
The shafts of calumny and wit,
The scornful bearing of the proud,
The sneers and laughter of the crowd.

And harder still it is to bear
The censure of the good and wise,
Who, ignorant of what you are,
Or blinded by the slanderer's lies,
Look coldly on, or pass you by
In silence, with averted eye.

But when the friends, in whom your trust
Were steadfast as the mountain rock,
Fly, and are scattered like the dust,
Before Misfortune's whirlwind shock;
Nor Love remains to cheer your fall—
This is more terrible than all.

But even this and these—ay, more,
Can be endured, and hope survive;
The noble spirit still may soar,
Although the body fails to thrive;
Disease and want may wear the frame—
Thank God! the soul is still the same.

Hold up your head, then, man of grief,
Nor longer to the tempest bend,
For soon or late must come relief;
The coldest, darkest night will end;
Hope in the true heart never dies;
Trust on—the day-star yet shall rise.

Conscious of purity and worth,
You may with calm assurance wait
The tardy recompense of earth;
And e'en should justice come too late
To soothe the spirit's homeward flight,
Still Heaven at last the wrong shall right.

THE LONDON WORLD CONVENTION.—One of the significant movements of the age is the World Convention about to be held in London. It is to be composed, as its title indicates, of delegates from all parts of Christendom, embracing many of the master minds of the age, and the deliberations will relate to the most momentous of all the topics that can engage human atten-

tion, viz.: the condition and prospects of the church of Christ on earth, and the means of extending its blessings to the ends of the world. Over such deliberations as the occasion will naturally call forth, who will not pray that the Spirit of all grace may preside as a counsellor and sanctifier, and that the mind which was in Christ Jesus may be in his friends and followers who shall attempt to carry out the great and blessed scheme of the Gospel for the redemption of our race? Several of our most distinguished clergymen have gone from this city to participate in the proceedings, viz.: Dr. Skinner, Dr. Mason, Dr. Cox, and Dr. Patton. We shall note the proceedings, as they come to our knowledge, with profound interest.

THE BURDENS OF WAR.—Mr. Arnold Buffum of this city has put forth an American edition of an English tract, giving a bird's eye view of the pecuniary cost of war, as illustrated in British history for the last hundred and fifty years, on account of which has been contracted the enormous national debt of upwards of 3,000 millions of dollars, the annual interest on which is nearly or quite 120 millions of dollars. We are glad to see such pamphlets circulating at the present time; and we hope the war spirit is not so high or so intolerant as to preclude investigation and reflection. It is well that there are minds among us disposed to estimate the cost of war in dollars and cents, inasmuch as the argument to the purse is often efficacious where the moral argument would be unavailing. There are many among us who seem to think war a very agreeable public pastime, but they will be apt to change their opinion when pay day comes.

But, as Mr. Buffum justly observes, the most awful consideration of the evils of war, is the demoralizing tendency and the great wickedness of beings created in the image of God, designed for an eternal inheritance in glory with the saints in light, engaged in the work of butchering one another in fields of carnage. That the most favored Christian nation on earth should thus be engaged in the nineteenth century, is a fact that should bring the blush of shame and conscious guilt to every American cheek.

JEREMY TAYLOR.—We are glad to know that there is a greatly increased and still growing demand for the English classics of the Elizabethan age of English literature. For one that read Jeremy Taylor, for instance, a dozen years ago, there are now a hundred. It is a good and wholesome indication that we are no longer compelled to send to England for such works, but

that handsome and cheap editions are issuing from the American press, of Taylor, Milton's Prose, Barrow, John Howe, &c., &c. We never open such books without feeling that "there were giants in those days"—men whose minds were "thoroughly furnished" for the task of instructing their race—men whose souls, like some vast laboring mountain, were constantly heaving up and throwing out huge masses of burning truth, brought from unseen and unmeasured depths. Jeremy Taylor is chiefly remarkable for richness of fancy and earnest tenderness. As Hazlitt says: "He puts his heart into his fancy. He does not pretend to annihilate the passions and pursuits of mankind in the pride of philosophic indifference, but treats them as serious and momentous things, warring with conscience and the soul's health, or furnishing the means of grace and hopes of glory. In his writings, the frail stalk of human life reclines on the bosom of eternity. His 'Holy Living and Dying' is a divine pastoral. He writes to the faithful followers of Christ as the shepherd pipes to his flock. He introduces touching and heartfelt appeals to familiar life; condescends to men of low estate; and his pious page blushes with modesty and beauty. His style is prismatic. It unfolds the colors of the rainbow: it floats like the bubble through the air; it is like innumerable dew-drops that glitter on the face of morning, and tremble as they glitter. The dancing light he throws upon objects is like the Aurora Borealis, playing betwixt heaven and earth. His writings are more like fine poetry than any other prose whatever; they are a choral song in praise of virtue, and a hymn to the Spirit of the Universe."

DOMESTIC ETHICS.—H. is of opinion that the Parlor Magazine would be a suitable medium for an occasional chapter on home ethics, and suggests for the subject of the first the treatment due from the lady of the house to her mantua-maker when the latter happens to be given to talking family secrets and spreading family troubles. We are assured that it is a common thing for young women in that line of employment to acquire the vicious habit of repeating from family to family whatever they pick up of private family history, and that by this means a great deal of trouble and ill-feeling is engendered. Very likely it is just so. But surely no sensible lady needs to be instructed how to treat these idle tattlers. A real lady would be alarmed at the slightest insinuation which implied that she could for a moment tolerate such a presence.

"REJOICE AND BE GLAD."

POETRY BY E. G. WHEELER.

MUSIC BY P. A. ANDREU.

ANDANTINO con MOTO.

The piano introduction is written for a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a treble staff containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass staff with chords and single notes. A 'Cresc.' (crescendo) marking is placed above the first measure of the bass staff.

The vocal entry is on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are "O, why are ye sad? Re-joice and be". The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The vocal line has a "FINE." marking at the end of the first phrase, followed by a "Stac." (staccato) marking. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

The vocal conclusion is on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are "glad; Let your hearts be cheer-ful for-ev-er;". The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The vocal line ends with a "ten" (tenor) marking. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

Ye need nev - er fear, For

Je - sus is near: His love and his pro - mise, His

love and his pro - mise fail ne - - ver, fail ne-ver.

2.
E'en now hear him say,
Though I go away,
The Comforter—the Holy Spirit
My Father will send,
And when life shall end,
A mansion in Heav'n ye'll inherit.

3.
Be humble—be meek,
And faithfully seek
To keep the commands I have given;
Then look up and smile,
Though sinners revile,
For great your reward is in Heaven.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

THE American Tract Society has issued a large number of sterling volumes in Christian literature, the influence of which is of the very best character, and must extensively and permanently improve the popular mind. Among these publications is Jay's *Christian Contemplated*, a course of Lectures delivered in Argyle Chapel, Bath, England, a work already widely known, but which, we hope, is destined to circulate wherever our tongue is spoken. The Tract Society's edition is preferable to any other which we have seen, for convenience of size, cheapness, and general excellence of mechanical execution. We have read and re-read this book with a pleasure which only truth, in its simplest, cheapest attire, in its most bland and gracious breathings, can inspire. It is full of the sweetness and grace of the Gospel.

MEMOIR OF MRS. SARAH LOUISA TAYLOR, by Rev. Lot Jones. This interesting little volume, we perceive, has reached its fourth edition, a gratifying evidence that a goodly number of readers find time, amid the din and confusion of the "ever gurgling present," to contemplate the characters of those who have lived "as seeing Him who is invisible," and regarded themselves as strangers and pilgrims in this world. The Rev. Mr. Jones, in compiling the work, has endeavored to let the subject of the memoir speak for herself whenever it could be done, by means of her letters to her Christian friends, skilfully interweaving, however, his own experienced observations, and has thus raised a monument which, while it faithfully commemorates the virtues of the dead, inspires with new zeal the hearts of the living. The work is published by Messrs. Baker & Scribner, Brick Church Chapel, 145 Nassau street.

NAPOLÉON AND HIS MARSHALS, by J. T. Headley—Vol. II. The first volume of this work has been welcomed with general favor and high commendation as an uncommonly readable and spirit-stirring book. The second volume has all the earnestness and interest of the first, and will be sought with avidity. There are not many writers who could infuse so much spirit into scenes and events which have been so often described; and it is a high compliment to the power and tact of the author which the general relish for these volumes awards. It has been objected by some, that such stirring pictures of the war spirit as this book embodies, operate to rouse and stimulate young minds to seek distinction on fields of blood. It should not be forgotten, however, that when Mr. Headley comes to reflect upon the morality of war, he is at least as earnest in its

condemnation as he had been vivid in his descriptions.

HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED AND ILLUMINATED BIBLE. —This great work is now completed, and the final number is in the hands of the numerous subscribers. We call it a great work, not because we are entirely satisfied with its designs or their execution. We might easily take exception to some of the pictorial illustrations, as puerile in some instances, and scarcely decent in others. We might say that we are disappointed in finding but little in the designs worthy of a genius, especially when we consider the heavy expenses incurred by the Messrs. Harper, and the high expectations which the Prospectus created. There are but few, we venture to say, of all the multitudinous designs in this book which will bring lasting and discriminating credit to the designer. Certainly there was room for a genius to have immortalized himself, and we regret that the opportunity was not improved. Still we think a great and important end has been achieved by the publishers. They have furnished a Bible which, for the purity of its printing and paper, is unsurpassed, and we presume many will take this Bible into their families, and read it, too, who would not have purchased an ordinary copy. Thus the circulation of the best of books is extended, and who can tell what good may result?

THE DISCOURSES AND ESSAYS of the Rev. J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D., with an Introduction by Robert Baird, D.D. Translated from the French by Charles W. Baird. This work is from the press of the Harpers, and bears the impress of the distinguished author's manly fervor on every page. Dr. Baird observes respecting these Discourses and Essays, that "they possess one grand characteristic—that of a glorious baptism into the spirit of the Reformation. This spirit pervades them all; but it is most manifest in the Essays." We may add that the translator has been faithful to the original.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF REFORM, in which are exhibited the Design, Principle, and Plan of God for the full development of Man, by Rev. C. Billings Smith. New York: Gates & Stedman. At present we can only announce this work. Our space in this number will permit nothing like justice to its merits. The topic is great and grand, and it is treated with distinguished ability and force. It is a book to be read with thoughtful attention. Hereafter we may notice it as it deserves. We observe that it carries on its front the commendations of Drs. Skinner and Williams, and Rev. Messrs. Burchard and Somers, of this city.

